



PHOTOS BY  
DON HEIKKILA  
.....



PASSING... continued from page 21

He was a successful hunter who kept the family freezer stocked with game and passionate skier who loved transporting a vehicle loaded with kids to Arctic Valley for a day of skiing.

Woody is survived by his wife, Jane; daughter, Mary Jane and husband, Lee Ramsey; son, Philip D. Long; son, Warren A. Long and partner, Randy Guderjoh; son, Andrew P. Long and wife, Celeste; daughter, Amy Janel and husband, Jon Morrow; grandchildren, David Long Apostal, Patrick Woodman, Ryann Long, Aryn Long and Harrison and Phoebe and Ava Morrow. He is also survived by three brothers and four sisters.

### Sandra Montee

Sandra Louise Montee completed her journey on earth, Friday, June 20, 2014, at her home in Post Falls, Idaho. She was 75 years old.



S. Montee

Sandy was born on December 3, 1938, in Wichita, Kan., to George and Elizabeth Montee. She was the oldest of seven children - David Montee, Evelyn Breazeal, Ray Montee, Dorothy Wilson, John Montee and Carolyn Simpson.

Sandy attended schools in Osburn and Harrison, Idaho, and was in one of the graduating classes of Kootenai High School.

In 1957, Sandy married James R. Jenicek, and they had four children. When they divorced, Sandy became a single mother juggling college and a job so she could provide a good life for her family. She was later married to Don Cunningham for many years.

Sandy worked as a bookkeeper in the Silver Valley for most of her career, and lived many places in the Northwest, but her house in Osburn, Idaho, was always "home."

After raising her children, Sandy enjoyed many hobbies. Rock and gem collecting were her favorite. Sandy and her grandsons had great rock hunting adventures when the boys were small.

Sandy loved to travel. Her trip to Italy with her daughters ten years ago was a dream come true. She then visited many other countries before health issues made it impossible to travel.

Sandy is survived by her children: Tim Jenicek (Trina), Laurie Phillips (Dan), Julie Wilhelm (Joe), and Jeff Jenicek (Hahn); seven grandchildren: Shelly Hossfeld, Jared Jenicek, Josiah Jenicek, Stryker Phillips, Nicholas Phillips, Cory McPoland, and Melissa Wilhelm; six great grandchildren; and her very special friend, Ray Kinnegard.

### Mary Ousley

Mary was born July 16, 1938, in Spokane, Wash., but grew up in Harrison, Idaho, where her parents' families had moved to in the early 1900s.



M. Ousley

Mary was the daughter of Glenn W. Addington and Leone G. Wygant Addington, and sister to Glenna Ross (Al), Larry (Jan ) and Kenny (Harriet), and Judy Chatfield (Dick).

She was looking forward to a planned trip in May to see Larry, Kenny and Judy.

Mary sometimes talked about going back home to Idaho but found her home in Woodburn at Senior Estates to be a place she enjoyed, using the library

to the fullest extent, sometimes reading a book a night.

Mary's joy from the time she was very small were her cat friends, and she leaves her cat friends to grieve her, too, most notably her rescued friend, Scruffy, who was true to his name.

Mary's sister, Glenna, kept a diary most of her life and talked about Mary as a small child, and her new kitten. There was rarely a time in her life and her children's lives that they did not have cats or kittens. She was known for taking in abandoned or feral cats and providing health care and sterilizing them for their own safety and health.

Mary often visited Salem's Friends of Felines to make donations and to pet and hold the cats there. After having both outdoor, and then in-and-outdoor, cats most of her life she became an advocate for keeping cats indoors.

Occasionally Mary took in a dog, for she loved them, too.

Mary was preceded in death by her parents, Glenn and Leone; sister and brother-in-law Glenna and Al; sister-in-law Harriet and childhood friend, Cynthia Stensrud Kramer.

Mary is survived by her daughters, Diana Lindberg (Allan), Julie Swelland, Paula Ousley-Kimball (Jess) and Kathy Campbell (Paul "Buddy"); as well as former sons-in-law Walt Roberts and Bryan Swelland. Mary will be greatly missed by her grandchildren, Jamie (Allen), Sara and Timothy; great-grandchildren Riley and Wyatt; and nieces and nephews in Idaho and California. She is also survived by childhood friend, Berdeana Kroetch of Coeur d'Alene, as well as neighbors and the local dog walkers with whom she enjoyed talking to while working in her beautiful yard, a lifelong passion she inherited from her mother.

### Joyce Ramberg

Joyce Kyte Ramberg, 81, of Bonney Lake, WA, surrounded by her family, went to be with the Lord on June 10, 2014 after a battle with leukemia. Joyce was born in Seattle, WA to Tom and Dorothy Kyte. The family moved to Carlin Bay, ID when Joyce was three years old and later moved to Harrison, where Joyce graduated from high school in 1951. After graduation, Joyce moved back to Seattle and began working for Boeing where she was employed for 30 years. She married her loving husband George Ramberg on June 4, 1955. They enjoyed many travels around the world and happily watched their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren's sporting and school events. Most of all, Joyce enjoyed visiting with her family and friends at her home on Lake Tapps.



J. Ramberg

She is survived by her husband George Ramberg of 59 years, and children Sherrie Zeoli and Tom Ramberg; grandchildren Coreen and Aaron Zeoli; and great grandchildren Kyte and Chloe Ramberg, Callia and Jace Zeoli-Cartwright; and two sisters, June Jones and Dixie Eggleston of Spokane.

### Donald Renner

Donald Ross Renner passed away Thursday, March 12, 2015, in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, at the age of 91. Don was born to Ross and Lydia Renner on Feb. 15, 1924, in Highmore, S.D. In 1939 his family moved to Harrison, Idaho, where he graduated from high school in 1942.

Don married Dorothy Piper in 1943.

PASSING... continued on page 25

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PASSING... continued from page 24



D. Renner

They lived in Pullman, Wash., the Oregon coast; Palouse, Wash., and the St. Maries, Idaho, area. Don worked for, and retired from, the McGregor Company in Palouse. He spent many summers driving pilot car

in Nevada.

Don enjoyed fishing, hunting, camping, and always had a joke to tell.

Don will be reunited in Heaven with his wife of 71 years, Dorothy; his son Lorne Joe; and his parents.

He is survived by his sisters Shirley Drew of Moscow, Idaho, and Dorothy Hall of Highmore, S.D.; daughters Fran Johnson of Terrebonne, Ore., and Manota Darlene Magallon of Sacramento, Calif.; four grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; and five great-great-grandchildren.

### Marie Russell

Marie Russell died on Dec. 1, 2014, at Kootenai Health in Coeur d'Alene. The memorial service will be held at the Harrison Grange Hall, Dec. 18, 2014, at 2 p.m.



M. Ruessell

Marie was kindness herself. Always a shoulder for her daughter, a kind ear for her son's or husband's rants, the co-enabler, doing the tedious parts of her husband's many projects.

Marie Russell was born Alice Marie Comer in Kalama, Washington, January 20, 1921, to a father who, besides running a steam shovel for the county, could play most any instrument after a few attempts. Her mother was always even tempered, good natured, and didn't judge others, but simply said, "They've always treated me right." These are the roots of Marie's love of music and even temper.

Her parents divorced in her youth. Her mother took in wash and borders to survive. Being Great Depression times, Marie gave up plans to study music in college. She married Paul, a logger, at age 16. Their only child, Judy, was born August 26, 1939.

A high-lead logging accident resulted in Paul suffering a broken back,

so Marie began soldering on light aircraft in San Diego. She next did wiring on World War II baby aircraft carriers in Vancouver. A chance note in Paul's wash led to a divorce. She met, then married, a co-worker, Bert, whose back had been hurt by having a log roll over him.

After the war, the couple built two houses in Coeur d'Alene. Marie learned to run a hand rotary saw to cut bevels on ceiling joists that were always, "Just right!" Next, the couple built a house overlooking Lake Coeur d'Alene in Harrison, and had their only child, Wally, born September 26, 1952.

Marie met Joyce, an in-law in Bert's extended family and college trained musician. Together, they sang in the choir of the First Baptist Church, put on plays in the city gym, like "The Great Big Doorstep," and built floats for the Harrison Old-Timer's Picnic like "Washer Women," or "Dog Tired," when the Russell's Springer-Spaniel, Poggins, bolted from the center of a truck inner-tube, holding up the kiddies parade.

The picnic dance saw Bert at the piano, with a mean left hand on the base of "5-foot-2," which is why Joyce never let him touch her piano, and mom on accordion or singing "Redwing." Their favorite song was "Indian Love Call."

Building a ranch house on a section of land on the Harrison Flats, the couple joined The Reverend Rudy Gilbert of the Spokane Unitarian Church in marches against the Vietnam War while raising Appaloosa horses. Meantime, Judy was working on the Appaloosa Horse Club Registry in Moscow.

Buying a house in Moscow so their son could attend Moscow High School, Marie first studied for her GED certificate, and then attended college, getting "A's" in Spanish class and several other classes. Mrs. Barnes, a music professor, heard Marie sing and sent word for her to "come see me." This was a great chance for Marie to attend music school.

Bert sold the house in Moscow, ending Marie's chances. Joyce's husband had already moved them to Spokane, ending the musical adventures of Marie and Joyce.

Bert turned to writing oral history books, interviewing a multitude of locals. An interpretive center was erected up the St. Joe with portions of his books displayed. As Alzheimer's took his sequential abilities, Marie said,

"Bert, you needn't worry. I will organize your pictures." When he could no longer write a sentence, Marie did that for him, too. When he passed away, Marie persisted, writing an entire book, "Rock Burst," deemed by many to be the best of them all.

If indeed, there is a heaven, they do have one hell of a band, Marie, Joyce, and Bert's "5-foot-2," making music for all eternity.

### Marjorie Russell

Marjorie E. Russell, 93, long-time St. Maries area resident, died February 17, 2015 at St. Maries. She was born April 25, 1921 to Phillip and Mary (Weitz) Litzenberger at Oaksdale, WA. When she was a year old, the family moved to the Fort Ground area of Coeur d'Alene. Marge spent her early years there growing up and attending Sherman Elementary school.



M. Ruessell

In 1937, Marge and her family moved to the Turner Bay area on Coeur d'Alene Lake where she attended Harrison High School. Marge married Lloyd C. Russell on June 3, 1939 at Harrison. They made their home at Springston, ID. They moved to Harrison in 1942. During WWII, Marge was a homemaker and raised her family while Lloyd served with the U.S. Army in the South Pacific. The family moved to Fernwood in 1952. Marge worked as a bookkeeper for Ryan Tie Lumber Company. She moved with her husband when he was transferred to Spokane in 1960 to the Graindoor Plant of Webster Lumber Co. In 1968, she moved to Sparta, WI. Her husband retired in 1981 and the couple moved to Manchester, WA. Marge moved to St. Maries in 1985. Her husband Lloyd died in 2008.

Marge enjoyed traveling. She loved going to Arizona and visiting the Grand Canyon. She also enjoyed visiting the Washington and Oregon coasts. Marge loved to go fishing and camping as well as sightseeing trips. She and her husband enjoyed their pet cats. Marge loved to go to Bud's to eat and visit.

Marge is survived by her son Richard "Dick" Russell of Milton, WA and daughter and son-in-law Janice and Bud Mc Call of St. Maries. Also surviving are her daughter-in-law Nancy Russell of Spokane, six grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren and three

great-great-grandchildren. Besides her husband Lloyd, Marge was preceded in death by son Ron Russell and daughter-in-law Judy Russell and brother Albert, and sisters Dorothy, Esther, Betty and Catherine.

### Jo Anne Smith

Jo Anne Sandberg-Smith, 58, passed away on Feb. 28, 2015.

Jo Anne was born on April 16, 1956, in Wallace, Idaho, to Thomas A. and Sheryl Hayman. Jo was raised on her parents' dairy farm in Medimont, Idaho, and graduated from Kootenai High School in 1974. She attended one year of college at Idaho State University, and completed Cosmetology School. She was a hairdresser for the past 38 years.

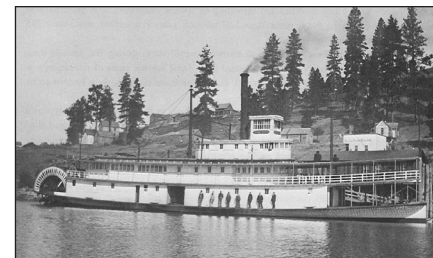
Jo owned Ceramics Galore in Coeur d'Alene, where she shared her artistic love and creativity. Jo had a great flair for coming up with new ceramic techniques which showed in her teachings. Jo won many ceramic awards for her pieces, including the highest ceramic award - the "Peggy Award." Her other interests included many hours of cross-stitching and reading.

Jo was preceded in death by her mother, Sheryl.

Jo is survived by her son, James (Heather) Sandberg of Central Point, Ore.; granddaughters Jaime and Jolene Sandberg; father Thomas A. Hayman of Coeur d'Alene; sisters Jean (Gary) Kaysen of Spirit Lake, Idaho, and Julie (Clarence) Cress of Medimont; brothers Thomas P. (Terri) Hayman of Spokane, and Douglas (Michele) Hayman of Kasilof, Alaska; along with numerous aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews.



J. Smith



Georgie Oakes at Harrison

# 2015 Events

**Live Music in the Park**  
Harrison Grange Market  
Saturdays in Summer

**Pig in the Park**  
**Harrison Craft & Trade Fair**  
2nd Sat., June 13  
Harrison City Park  
Vendor Info: Paul 208-689-9789

**4th of July**  
**Fireworks on the Lake**  
Downtown Harrison

**Old Time Picnic**  
Last Weekend, July 24 - 26  
Downtown Harrison

**Performance Boat Regatta**  
**Show 'n Shine**  
3rd Weekend, Aug. 15 & 16  
Harrison Waterfront

**Haul Ass to Harrison**  
15th Annual Classic Car Show  
**Classical Glass Boat Show 'n Shine**  
2nd Sat., Sept. 12  
Harrison City Park and Waterfront

**Oktoberfest**  
1st Sat., Oct. 3  
Harrison City Park

**Winterfest**  
1st Sat., Dec. 5  
Downtown Harrison



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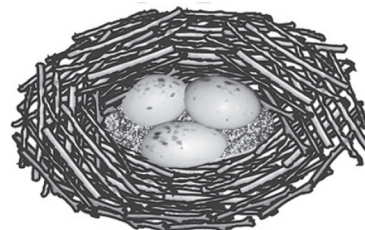


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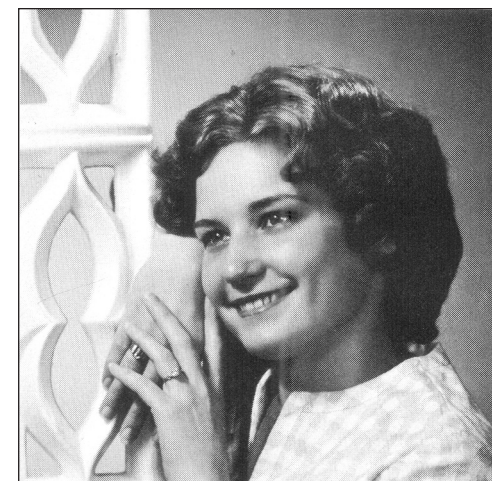
## **Flight Over Harrison Flats with Fred Muhs**



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**KHS 1965**  
**50TH CLASS REUNION**  
**Sunday, July 26, 2015**  
**Harrison Old Time Picnic**  
**Harrison City Park - Near the Gazebo**  
**11:00AM until ?**



Betty Blakley



Charles Blakley



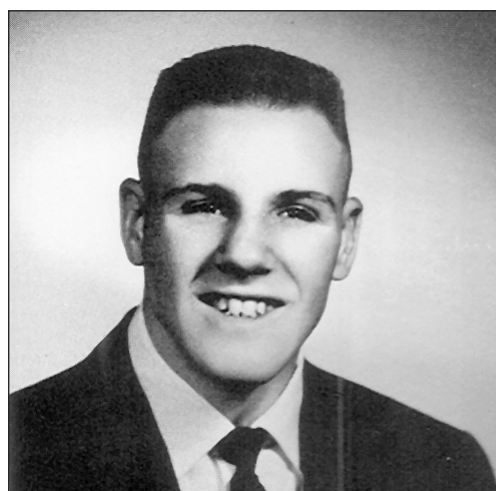
Dale Erikson



Diana Golm



Donald Heikkila



Douglas Cope



Harriet Williams



John MacDonald



John Thorne



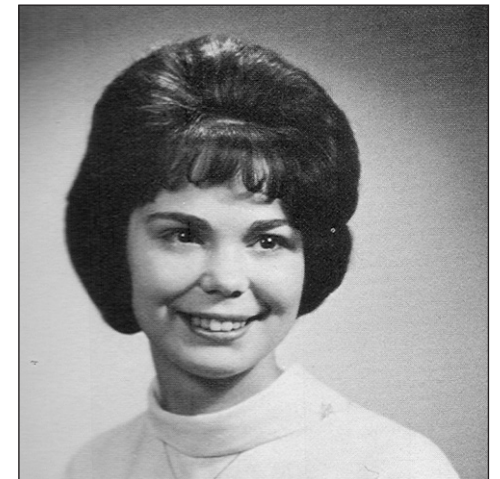
Leroy Damiano



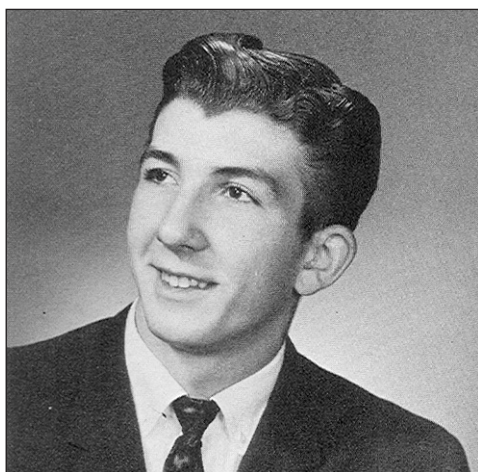
Marcia Chatfield



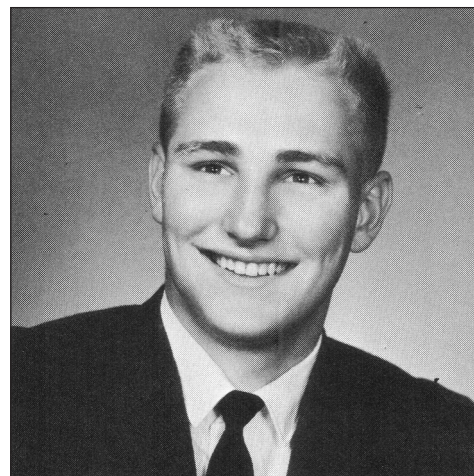
Patricia Junntila



Sharon McKinney



Raymond Scheel



Richard Chatfield



Sharon Beare

LETTERS... continued from page 2

I've moved to CDA, 6 months ago now and wanted to give you my new address. I forgot how much the paper is, so call or write me and I'll send the money PDQ. Hope all's well with you.

Sincerely,

Wanda Sverdsten Rickett

Editor's Note: We do not have a subscription price and leave it up to everyone to donate what they can to keep it possible to print and mail the paper. No one gets any money for the project. In fact, some of us donate a considerable amount of time and money to the Old Time Picnic. We certainly do appreciate all the nice comments we receive, both in print and in person.

\*\*\*\*\*

5/22/14

Don,

I thought of another item, when we first had the store, we had a gas pump outside. It was the type with a glass tank on top. Some woman, Joe nor I can remember who, drove off with the nozzle still in her car, pulling the pump down. So Dad just stopped dispensing gas. Joe says he has a picture of him standing outside the store that shows the pump. Also, we owned the building next to the Grange Hall, it was our "feed store" where we kept large bags of animal feed.

Joe will be here next week with his pictures.

Harrison Trading

Rollin Russell (nillor4@gmail.com)

Rollin Editor's Note: Rollin's email was hiding on my laptop, and I didn't get it in time to add to the article. We had many nice comments about the article. Thanks for your help! Don

\*\*\*\*\*

7/17/14

The Harrison Searchlight has been printed and was addressed at the Harrison Grange Hall by a wonderful group of volunteers on Wednesday night, July 16th.

They would have been in the post office today, however the U.S. Mail system had to have the Old Time Picnic check for our annual permit, which has gone up from \$190.00 to \$220.00, clear and appear as paid on their website before they would let us bring in the 3000 copies that are ready for delivery to all of you in 45 states. I understand that if all our sack tags are perfect and we have made no mistakes on the forms we fill out every year they will let us mail it Monday.

I asked our Old Time Picnic Chairman, Fred Muhs about putting it online. Thanks to the Harrison Chamber of Com-

merce and Webmaster Cheryl Prueher, you are seeing The Searchlight for the first time online. I know it is not like having the paper that many of you save year after year in hand until you get it by Snail Mail or pick up a copy at the OTP, however you can read it online now.

Sincerely,

Don Heikkila, Editor  
The Harrison Searchlight  
idfinn@sm-email.com

\*\*\*\*\*

7/31/14

Thanks for the Searchlight edition of late. I hope you have an apprentice in case. It was interesting but read mostly the non-family stuff, as they aren't very familiar to me but I bet they love all that attention. Hope you came out of

LETTERS... continued on page 31

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McGowan Peak in Idaho's Sawtooth Range



LETTERS... continued from page 30

the storm with all intact. Lost a tree behind the complex but otherwise all good. Thanks again. dr

\*\*\*\*\*

1-22-15

Dear Don,

I enjoy being an old timer and receiving my 90 year red ribbon. I was born in Dr. Finney's hospital in 1923. The next year he moved to them cover to cover He took out my tonsils in Spokane. Mom and I rode the train in and stayed with Grandpa and Grandma Lavigne. I think our generation of Harrisonites is fading. You qualify for the next generation. Thank you for keeping those last days of July going. You have an exceptionally good group helping. Late last fall I had a couple of boot boxes on a high shelf taken down that

were full of Searchlights-1969 was the oldest. I'm still reading them. I sent some to Angelo Luchinni in Croc loved Frank Thompson's many Rambling On Stories. Also, there was Tom Collier, Don Corskie, the Honsiwetz boys, Lloyd Russell recounted their youthful days on the boats, railroads and the rivers. It was the only transportation in the early days.

Harrison could be called "Little Italy" at one time. Such families as the De Lucas, Bisaros, Bidodgias, Scuchetties, Pedrows, Salas, Luchinis all lived in Harrison at the time. The mills brought many of them to Harrison. The timber brought the Herricks, Honsowetz, Browns, and Magoldricks to Harrison from Wisconsin. My Grandparents, Joe Lavigne, a Millwright, my Dad a Blacksmith to town.

The fire of 1917 was disastrous to Harrison. It was never the same again. Then the Export Mill closed, but the Russell and Pugh Mill in

Springston kept a lot of men working. Soon the big boats and freight went to the railroads; but now that is gone and the Trail of the Coeur d' Alenes have bicyclists who pedal from Plummer to Mullan.

There was activity down at the dock when the boats came in. Kids would gather and often folks threw their change into the lake for the boys to dive after. It was mostly pennies, nickels, and dimes-very seldom a quarter or 50 cent piece. My Uncles, Raymond and Roland Lavigne had a jar at home where they put their coins.

The Dock was a hang-out for Pete and Jim, "The Greeks". Mondea ran the place. It was there I had my first Pepsi. They had a Jute Box, and that was "Wow" for Harrison. Other early residents were Brown Sugar Smith, who had a team and wagon and met the trains. They also took freight to people in town and also brought mail and freight from town to the trains. One train came

from Spokane at 10:00 a.m. and from Wallace the trains arrived at 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. Kids would run and jump on the wagon and ride with him.

My Grandfather, Peter Jensen, would walk from his home on East Point to Harrison a Flats at that time. Once he gave me five dollars to go to Corskie's Drug Store. I bought my sisters each a doll.

For the folks living around Harrison there were farmers that worked hard to make a living on East Point and Harrison flats. living on East Point were: My Jensen Grandparents, Marian Fisher Jones folks, Lunds, Rich's Grandparents, Coulsons, Fabricius, Wilmas Grandparents, Gassers, Roberts, Wilma's Mother's family, Stotts and Hedlunds. I'm sure I forgot someone.

Thank you, my friend for another year! Hope your health is holding! You are not getting any younger. Join the Crowd!

Marcella

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*http://corskiehouse.com*



**Jim and Julie Sheppard**

Sheppard Fruit Wines owners, Jim and Julie Sheppard, are proud to announce the start of our 7th year of operations in August of 2015. We couldn't have made it this far without our loving family, who have supported us in our endeavor by dedicating their time for its success, while expecting little to nothing in return. They are, Julie's mother, Dorothy Blackmore. Our sons, Jacob and his wife Dominique, and Ian and his fiancé Hailee Mabbutt. With special thanks to all of our friends and our Mentors, namely Jerry Roe (deceased) and Levi Knight of Two Knights Homebrew in Post Falls, Idaho.

We started making fruit wines as a hobby in 1998. The abundance of wild blackberries and elderberries, and old orchards of pear and plum trees in the area provided a bountiful supply of fruit for wine making. Our first attempt though was a peach wine, which tasted more like rubbing alcohol and something disgusting. But we were not deterred. Studying old English recipes, listening to advice from our mentors and trial and error soon paid off with consistent, beautiful and delicious

wines. Then in January of 2007, we began to turn our growing hobby into a commercial endeavor, motivated by accolades for our wines. After our business started in 2008, we have managed to double our sales consistently every year, through gains in popularity and availability throughout North Idaho.

The winery, built next to our home on Harrison Flats, doesn't have an inch to spare with the current stock of wines and wine making equipment. Current production at this facility, utilizing three stainless steel fermenters with 250 gallons of capacity each, is 500 cases per year, with seven different flavors. Now challenged with increasing production three fold with our new partnership with Click Distributing East, Inc. of Spokane, we are reacting quickly to meet our customers' demand for our product. The number of visitors to our Wine Tasting Room at 102 N. Coeur d'Alene Ave, in downtown Harrison, has also increased lately to justify an outdoor group seating area, under a beautiful new pergola. We have also partnered with VinoShipper.com, which has enabled us to ship our wines around the

# Sheppard Winery

country to 18 different states.

The wines we create are just from the fruit on the individual labels, as per our motto, "No grapes were harmed in the making of this wine." We also bucked the industry standard for fruit wines by aging and finishing them in the Dry range, just like a fine grape wine. The result is carefully balanced wines with emphasis on the fruit taste, or fruit-forward wines, that are not overly sweet. This style enables the wines to be easily

matched with meals and appetizers, having more versatility than a dessert wine. Our current flavors include Pear, Raspberry, Huckleberry, Blackberry, Cranberry, Rhubarb and Elderberry.

When you're in Harrison, Idaho, we encourage you to drop by our Wine Tasting Room and sample the wines. They are wonderful patio wines and make great gift for friends and relatives. Look for them at your local grocery store in North Idaho and Eastern Washington too. Cheers!



**Wine tasting shop.**



## Harrison Community Ambulance Association

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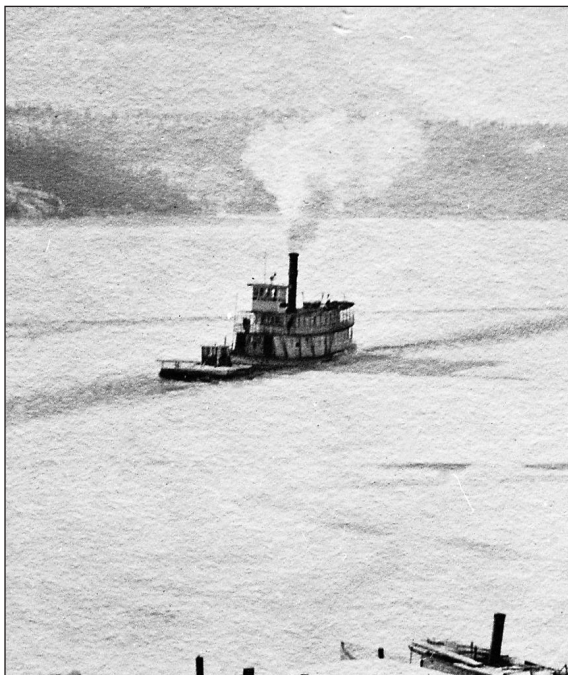
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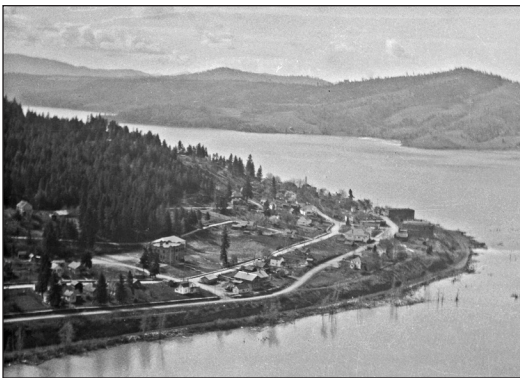
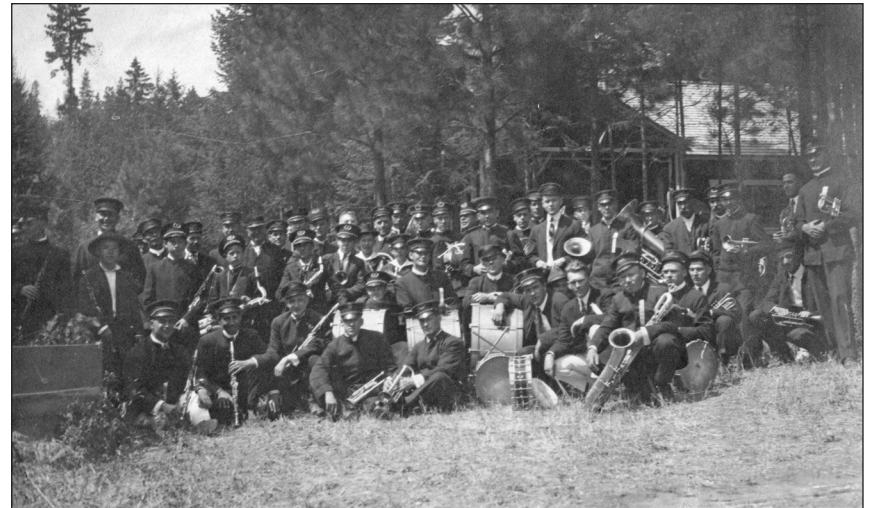
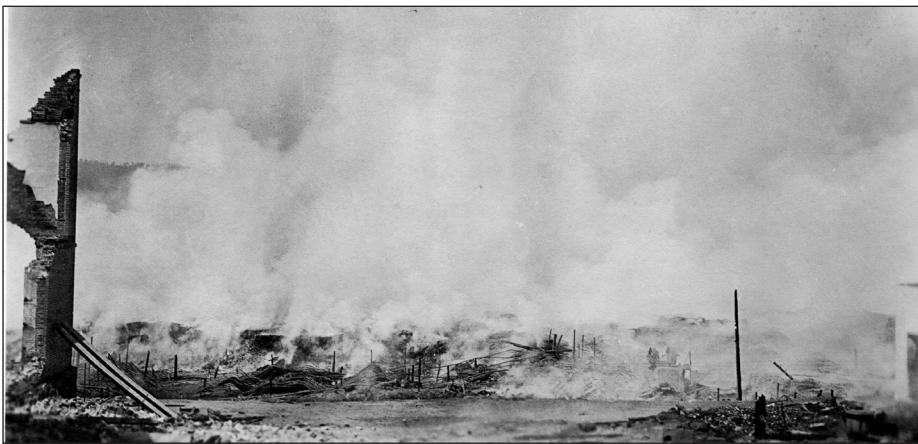
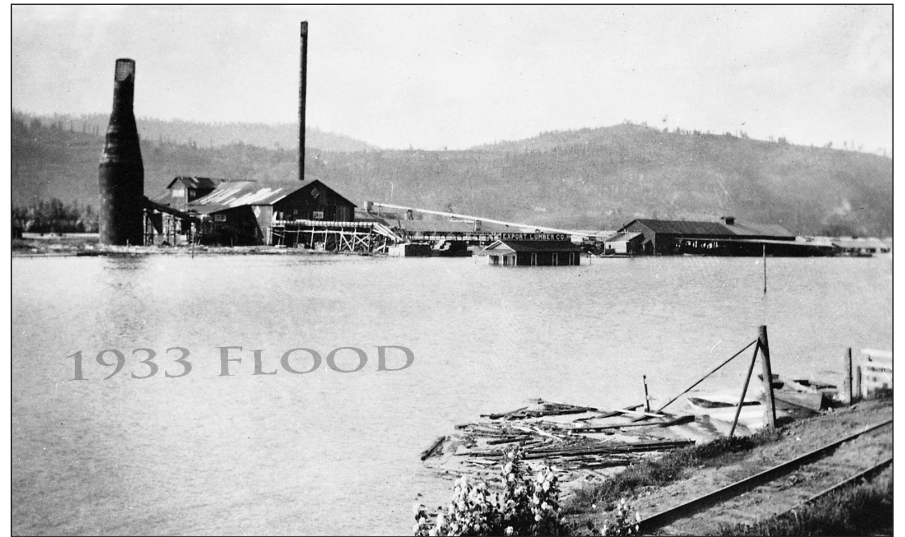
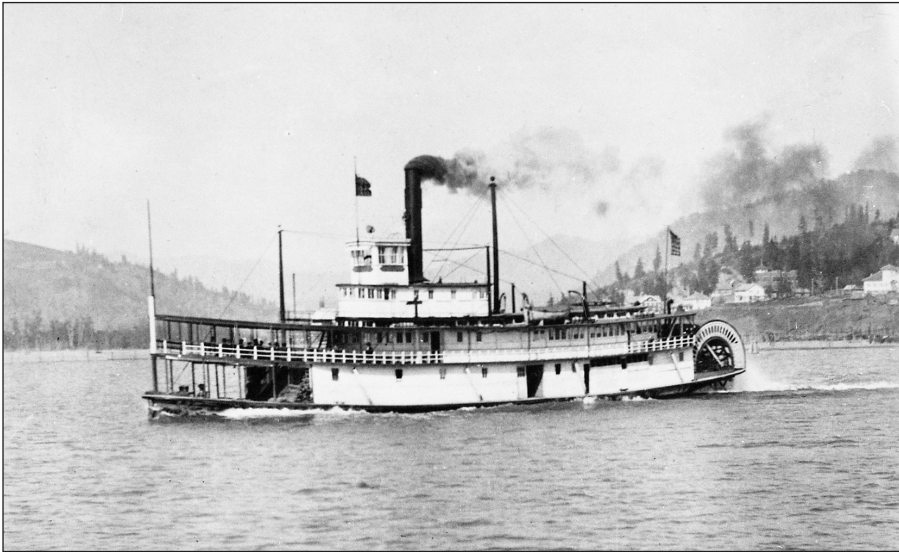
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# Old Time Photos

By Dave Cope





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# NORTHERN IDAHO PANHANDLE

## *-Not a blunder-*

By Don Pischner

"And here we have Idaho, winning her way to fame," I sang and then continued humming Idaho's State Song as my good friend Reid Walker and I made camp at the tri-corner of Canada, Montana, and Idaho -- above Canuck Basin. Such was my attempt to ignore the dollar-sized wet flakes of falling snow that neither Reid nor I had anticipated on that Labor Day Holiday. Our campfire responded to my meek singing, my chilled body, and to a lukewarm fry pan by emitting barely a flicker in the cold dark evening. The smoke from gathered green firewood smoldered and reeked an acrid odor.

"Darn, our dinner steaks will go back home uncooked," muttered Reid. "And, I tain't ever been this wet nor cold soaked through." He continued, "what a miserable three day weekend outing. All this in search for some darn lousy state-line border-marker

placed by a survey crew more than one-hundred years ago. "Yes, Reid was grumbling, but he more than anyone I have known, was the best partner to have in such a primitive region while on my quest to identify the location of the 70 mile straight-line Idaho/Montana boundary that defines the Panhandle. We shared our remote outing with deer, elk, moose, and at least one very large grizzly bear; each of these wild animals we had encountered earlier that day. Fortunately, the grizzly proved no problem, although I felt discomfort when my hand print fell within the outline of its fresh paw print. "Yep, that's a griz," exclaimed Reid. The bear must have been amused by the intrusion of his human visitors. Two determined dudes who had dismounted and tied their horses, choosing instead to literally crawl on patches of snow beneath low hanging water soaked brush in their search. It was our search and adventure looking for the

stone monument marking the point where Canada, Idaho, and Montana intersect. Have you ever wondered about Idaho's irregular shape? Lost surveyors, you say? Such is a popular myth as Uncle Clarence explained, "them survey fellers started north down by Wyomin' someplace followin' the Rocky Mountain Continental Divide. "Well," he continued, "they got lost, ended up on the Bitterroots, came all the way to the Clark Fork River, then realized their blunder, so they just gave up. They simply pointed a straight line north toward Canada!"

Not so. Idaho's irregular shape is the result of law. In order to best explain the "whys and ways" of state boundaries, it's important to understand that the U.S. Territories were created and enlarged, or reduced in size by Acts of the United States Congress. Acts that provided for the legal descriptions to be plotted on the earth's surface, not decided by lost surveyors.

A multitude of factors influenced members of U.S. Congress in their boundary line decisions. Circumstances included, yet were not limited, to the following: gold discoveries, rapid population shifts, powerful newspaper editors, Indian Treaties, the Mormon trek, geographic vastness, wagon trails, and isolation. In the mid-19th-century, the

Halls of Congress echoed with fierce territorial debates. The makeup of new territories was often conducted in haste, especially given the threat of an approaching Civil War (pro-versus-con attitudes regarding Abolition played a major role). Powerful lawmakers in Congress, who never visited the West, were heavily influenced by friends, favors, fear, and falsehoods. Territorial debate in the U.S. Congress was so fierce that the Oregon Territory of 1848 changed boundaries six times in 15 years.

A treaty between the British and United States as to the division of lands known as "Oregon Country" led to an agreed split at the 49th Parallel. Thus, creation of Oregon Territory on August 14, 1848. (Map 1)

Four years later, on March 2, 1853, Congress chose to create Washington Territory, thereby cutting Oregon Territory in half (map 2)

Upon Congress accepting Oregon as a state in 1859, its eastern portion was annexed to Washington Territory. The Congressional enlargement left a "boomerang" shaped Washington! It only lasted four years. (Map 3)

About this time military road builder, Capt. John Mullan, proposed that the present day land area of Idaho, Mon-

PANHANDLE... continued from page 38

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PANHANDLE... continued from page 37

tana, and Wyoming be divided, favoring rectangular shapes as the Dakota States exist.

He proposed a land split that named the north half Columbia, and the south half Montana. Success of his idea would mean that today we would be residing in Coeur d'Alene, Columbia, and Boise, Montana!

There were other proposals, yet the one that won out was the "Idaho Organic Act," signed by President Abraham Lincoln on March 3, 1863 which created the largest U.S. territory of record. The act reduced Washington Territory to its statehood shape today. The enlarged Idaho Territory extended east into Dakota Territory. It included all of present day Idaho, Montana, most of Wyoming, and a portion of the Dakota's. (Map 4)

This 325,000 square mile area didn't last long, however. In one year, the vast Idaho Territory was reduced in size by a newer Congressional Act creating Montana Territory.

On May 26, 1864, President Lincoln signed into law the "Organic Act" creating Montana Territory. (Map 5)

Lawmakers chose to position the Western Montana Border on the Crest of the Bitterroot Mountain Range versus the Continental Divide. The Act recorded in the Federal Register defining the boundary reads: "... thence westward and northwestward, following the line of the continental watershed and the summit of the Bitterroot Range to its intersection with the thirty-ninth meridian; thence north on the thirty-ninth meridian to the boundary line between the United States and British possessions ... " (13 Stat. L86). Establishment of the thirty-ninth meridian boundary line took a bite out of the large short-lived Idaho and defined the 48 mile wide northern panhandle. The division meant that the land in between the two mountain ranges, remaining to be discovered, included mineral rich Gold Creek, Anaconda, and Butte, Montana.

Finally, the creation

of Wyoming Territory further took land from the original giant Idaho Territory. Idaho statehood, as we know it today, the reduced leftover land area (given a few minor changes) became the nation's 43rd state and thirteenth largest on July 4, 1890. (Map 6)

Northern Idaho remained embroiled in a regional tug-of-war until statehood. Members of Congress argued about splitting off the five northwestern Idaho counties (all land north of the Salmon River at that time) back to Washington or over to Montana. One of several bills debated before the 49th session of Congress (December 7, 1885 to August 5, 1886) received the following remarks by Senator John Hailey: "This panhandle of Idaho, about which there has been so much talk, has been a bone of contention for the last twenty years ... They have expressed a desire to go

to Washington Territory, and I do not propose to keep them from going; they have been very troublesome." A legislative bill introduced to give the debated area back to Washington, was passed by the House and Senate, but failed to be signed into law by President Cleveland.

Survey of the Boundary Line between Idaho and Montana from the International Boundary to the Crest of the Bitterroot Mountains

Seven years after Idaho joined the Union, Congress approved funding a survey of the 39th meridian, specifically the 70.7 mile straight-line portion, south from Canada between Idaho and Montana. The boundary survey proved extremely accurate, regulated, and well documented as evidenced by Richard Urquhart Goode's "Survey of the Bound-

PANHANDLE... continued on page 39



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PANHANDLE... continued from page 38

ary Line between Idaho and Montana.”

Goode explained that Idaho-Montana shared “39th Meridian” and as a boundary “defined by imaginary line which must be traced on the earth’s surface by astronomic or mathematical processes.” Mr. Goode was a geographer and charter member to the

National Geographic Society, where he chaired technical meetings. He wrote an article about this line-of-sight two-year survey. It is published in the January 1900 issue of National Geographic Magazine.

This written account of operations and procedures (Geological Survey Bulletin No. 170) explains that the survey originated in Spokane, Washington from a geodetic monument alongside the “castle style” county courthouse. A one-mile length of rail track near Opportunity provided a base line for continuing multiple survey triangulations using mountain peaks and nighttime stars as points of reference.

Once locating the Canada-Idaho-Montana common corner, per the triangulations from Spokane and marking the spot with a stone monument, topographer E. T. Perkins began to plot the 39th Meridian longitude. From this point a true line, permanently marked

line-of-sight survey, extended south till an intersection with the Crest of the Bitterroots as instructed.

Four granite stone monuments were placed. One at each end-the International Boundary and Crest of Bitterroot Range. Another at the Great Northern railroad track (a few feet from today’s remains of the Leonia school-house foundation) along the Kootenai River. And, one at the Northern Pacific railroad track (adjacent today, to the Cabinet Gorge Dam) along the Clark Fork River. The four stone monuments were quarried near Medical Lake, WA., cost \$17.50 each.

Eighty-eight hollow iron posts - 6 foot long by 4 inch diameter with bronze caps - were placed at measured and identified distances typically stream or trail crossings and peaks -not exceeding one-mile apart. The posts were made in St. Louis and cost \$2.03, 113 cents each.

Elevation at the north end is 4500 feet. Heading south the line rises to Yak Mountain, elevation 6585 feet, before falling to the Kootenai River, elevation 1824 feet. Then the line climbs to the summit of the Cabinet Mountains, elevation 6670 feet. At this marker one can see both directions and nearly three-fourths of the line. Next, the line descends to the Clark

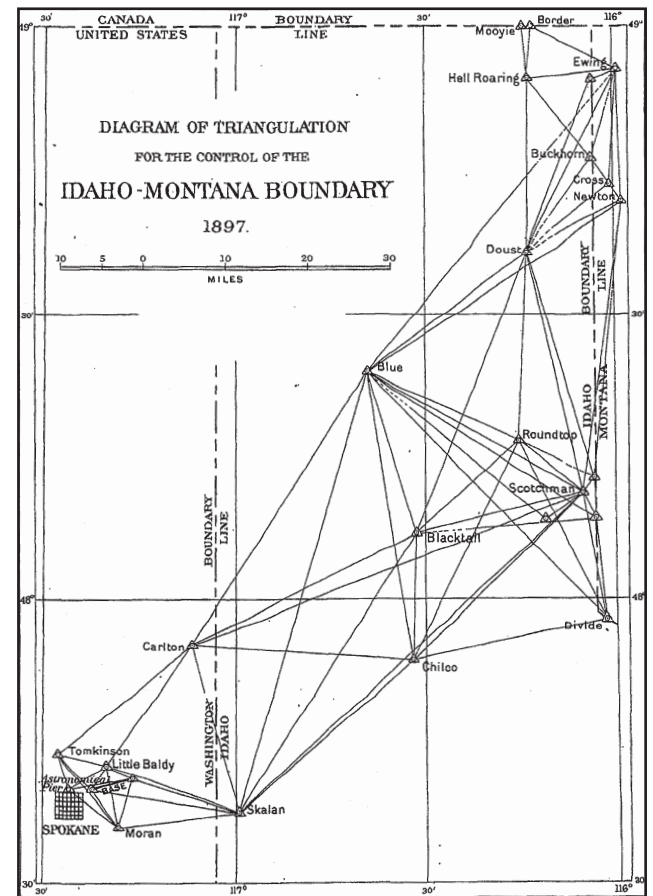
Fork River, elevation 2220 feet. Finally, it climbs up to the Crest of the Bitterroots, elevation 4550 feet. A total rise and fall of 63,000 feet.

Before the survey, Kootenai County had built a road up the mountain from former towns of Leonia to Sylvanite. Given the survey it was discovered that the road was in Flathead County, Montana! Idaho’s perimeter boundary, adjoins six other states, and has multiple recorded surveys.

Their traverses follow both natural physical features-mountain ridges and rivers - and imaginary lines, about equally.

Modern means of precise land measurement recently concluded that because of erosion the Bitterroot Divide is slowly shifting westward. Thus, Montana’s getting bigger and Idaho smaller! Reid Walker grew up above Coeur d’Alene Lake’s Turner Bay. He comes from a family of five brothers and one sister.

Don Pischner, a Coeur d’Alene native, resides above Driftwood Point. Early on he supervised Inland Asphalt. He was an elected Idaho State Legislator and was employed as a Forest Products advocate. He has had great fun exploring the state-line on foot, by auto, horseback, private aircraft, and by document research. Don is a Museum of North Idaho board member and the Idaho State Historical Societies, District#1 Trustee.



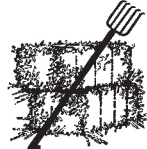
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# Oscar Lamar Plemmons

By Tom Plemmons

He was the second child born to William and Leona West Plemmons in a log home near Leicester, Buncombe County, North Carolina. Asheville, NC. is the County Seat. The year was 1884; the family records indicate his birth on May 12th, while he adamantly maintained his birthdate was on the 8th of May. Actually, the issue didn't come up until after he had passed on. We often had the Family Birthday dinner on the 7th, featuring the earliest available Strawberries of the year, with shortcake and real whipped cream.

That is when we celebrated it and as far as he and my generation are concerned, it was the 8th; with J Lee turning up on the 6th 1911; our Alberta arriving on the 10th in 1955, Clayton Lamar on the 24th 1956.

Time passed slowly for the youngsters of that era. The times were extremely tough. For example, he experienced only three sessions of formal education, three months in length each. It was all the money the locality could gather. It is the ultimate tribute to the parents of the day for their belief, recognizing the fact that

most of them were illiterate, or nearly so, education and the accompanying personal development would, in generations to come, set their children free of their social and financial bonds.

In fairness, given the times there were a lot of folks who didn't get any formal education. In memory of these times, together with doors he could see but would not open, he never, to my knowledge voted against a school bond. His comment to those who did was invariably, "It's obviously too damn late to do anything for you, but we might be able to do something for your kids."

He was an apt student in the "School of Hard Knocks," learning how to prepare a seedbed for Grain and Tobacco, plant, care for and harvest the crops of the area. He was share cropping at age 14. The earnings were so meager, land so worn out, tools so archaic if it weren't for the knowledge gained in the process it would have been a fruitless endeavor.

A quotation told to me in 1946 by Aunt Nora, "Oscar said someday I'm going to buy a ticket as long as my leg and leave this goddamn place!" She added proudly, "He did it too."

Stories of New Land for farming and available via Homestead Acts in the West were eagerly absorbed. A favored couple, Uncle John and Aunt Molly Walker, [Grandma Leona's' youngest sister] were scheduled to migrate to Moscow, Idaho in 1899, however, Molly became pregnant with the twins Herbert and Hubert. Seems she grew so large and terribly uncomfortable the exodus was postponed until 1900. He told of assisting Uncle John in building an oversized White Oak chair for her. It was Grandpa Bill's edict which declared, "as long as you live in my house you will go to church on Wednesday evening and twice on Sunday." There was a tradition of blind faith in the elders that was not shared by either Ervin "Jud", his elder brother, or Oscar. He did as he was told until the earliest possible day he could be gone.

The obvious rift between he and his father, was a gulf far wider than the normal one developed between a Son and Father in the process of growing up and going on your own. Dad always counseled against binding oneself to any one group to the point that you were vulnerable to them. Tyranny and Injustice, he felt,

inevitably would follow. Citing the cruelties to others done in the name of religion & politics, often with tragic results to the rank & file, with the folks on top of the pile prospering either way an issue ended.

As to politics a statement he made many times was, "It don't make any difference whether it's your party or the other guys, a politician will get his hand into your pockets. It's when you leave him there too long and he gets his fingers cupped 'til you can't get them out that one is in trouble."

"That's what primaries are for, so you can clean your own nest." Each must have the courage and moral fiber to do his duty. He took great pride in exercising his vote. "It never broke my arm to reach across a ticket to get rid of a bastard on my own!"

The subject of religion usually came down to an account of a so called "fried chicken" preachers imposing himself and his family on the poor people who had little food to treat them to a grand dinner at various times at his own discretion, with no consideration given to who had to do without to accomplish his agenda. To

PLEMMONS... continued on page 31

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PLEMMONS... continued from page 40

this Dad objected.

I probed a number of times to his knowledge of the Plemmons Clan. It was necessarily limited and, of course, I thought my memory was so good that I didn't need to write down the answers he did provide. So much for that foolishness.

He spoke often of a relative, John Lewis Plemmons, who he admired, farmed near their vicinity, who was a particularly strong man. Loved to buy outlaw horses and break them. He was, I believe, his Father, Bill's Uncle or Cousin. I simply cannot recall what he said his grand sire's name was. I gathered he did not like him any better than his own dad, the religious thing again.

This January of 1990, Gladys Plemmons, our Resident Historian, sent me an account involving a murder-suicide perpetrated by a probable Ancestor, Peter Plemmons. Given the education level and their peculiar religious morals, I suspect it was easier to ignore the realities and unfortunately allow the shame to cast its shadow thru generations to come. I personally view the

### **Rose (Jones) Plemmons & Oscar Plemmons**



incident as a warning to the quick tempered males in this genus to not ever let anything push our buttons to the point of losing control of our minds and actions. It certainly does explain the capacity to appear to expose a primal force, available when disciplining one of us or engaging in a fist fight. Uncontrollable rage, comes to mind as I reflect upon it. Guided along more peaceful pursuits the same force can be very useful.

In 1904, he bought that ticket, following a dream to Moscow, Idaho to be with John and Molly and the rest of the family in the area. Molly's brother Bob West was for years a US, Deputy Marshal, their sisters who had married brothers named Hill were at Moscow. Wm. "Bill" Lee, who later distinguished himself as a member of the Idaho State Supreme Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, DC lived there along with various other cousins.

After celebrating his 20th birthday, he worked with John Walker and for other farmers that summer. He made tentative plans to lease a piece of ground adjacent to John and Molly and made arrangements to take possession the next spring. He went to Wardner, a mining camp, to work for the winter and accumulate the money to buy a team and seed.

Upon his return in the spring, money on the hip, he found conditions had deteriorated. He loaned the money to John and Molly who consummated the deal on the land and returned to Wardner in a few days to settle in, raise a family generally in that vicinity. He returned home in 1907 with a friend's body, Bob Vance. He attended the funeral, went and stayed overnight with his

mother and left the next day for Wardner.

His brother, "Jud," came to Wardner, Oscar declared the town too small for both of them, gave him the money to buy a ticket to Butte, Montana. While waiting for the train the next day, Jud got into a poker game with the result that when Oscar came off the Bunker Dump, that evening Jud was going up the Last Chance dump to go on night shift. His luck improved and a couple of paydays later went to Butte where he found the atmosphere he enjoyed and is buried.

Oscar was working underground with R.O. Jones in 1909 when one day Bob said he had two sisters arriving from Bozeman, Montana on the train and asked him to go to the station with him to greet them. Rose and Linnie arrived in August. Rose went to work for the phone company and Lynn went to a teaching job at Lane, Idaho. One thing led to another and Oscar and Rose were married Jan. 11, 1910.

He enjoyed such a varied career in his working years it is difficult to adequately portray in a brief synopsis. When he and mother were married, he was a shift-boss in the Bunker Hill Mine. Prior to that, after Passage of the Eight Hour Law, by brother-in-law to be Tom Jones, he and his Cousin, Jim Lee, built three houses which stand today across the street from the Catholic Church in Kellogg. In 1911, he suffered a broken leg in an accident on 9 level while putting an electric locomotive back on track. The result was to leave his leg 1 1/8" shorter than the other. While recovering from this in 1912, I believe, he and a fellow by name of Charlie Hollar started Kellogg Transfer, which is in



**Oscar Plemmons**

business to this day.

Their Principal Business was hauling ore from the leasers and small mines to the Bunker Mill at Kellogg situated adjacent to the Railroad. They had developed heavy duty equipment and 28 four horse teams to perform winter and summer. In addition, they did custom equipment moving and general hauling in the area. They had two Model Ts they called jitneys for light work.

Following milling, no smelter existed; the ores were shipped to Lorainne, Germany for refinement. The embargo on shipping to Germany in 1914, his words, in the tinkle of the bell (phone) we were out of business. With all those horses costing them \$1.00 a day to feed it didn't take long to dissolve the partnership. He sold the basics of the outfit, I believe, to a retired wrestler, and one helluva man in his own right Ed Alho.

He took a turn on the police force with the thought it might make a suitable ca-

PLEMMONS... continued on page 42

PLEMMONS... continued from page 41

reer. A man came to town and killed a couple of men and he pursued him to the rail yard where the killer was hidden in the trucks. He crawled to a wheel for a shield and reached around the wheel firing a bullet along the guys' ribs. He immediately crawled out at Oscar's feet where he had a No. 8 boot stood on his neck until the reinforcements arrived to haul him off to the jug. He digested the aftermath when all the non-participants took the glory giving him bare mention but the end of that career came when he threw

the largest retail merchant in the area in the jug for drunk driving while dead centering a utility pole.

The chief called him into his office and gave him hell saying you just can't do that. Oscars view was that if they were going to practice two kinds of law, one for the elite and another for the rest of the people, he could shove the badge anywhere he had room for it. It seems actually he and the storekeeper got along famously for years but neither had respect for the Chief.

It didn't really stop his career in law enforcement for he was always deputized a Sho-

shone County Deputy Sheriff anytime he was in the jurisdiction. He had a great rapport with the Finlander Community out on the North Fork. He admired them and always had work for them in the winter underground.

When an incident occurred requiring sheriff action, they had the choice of taking a posse or just send Oscar. He was still doing it in the 30s for I recall him coming in from work, cleaning up, changing and putting on his belt, gun & badge, climb in the Essex and go.

This era extended back to around 1907 when travel was with horse and buggy or sleighs. One of his competitors for mothers affections pleaded for her to "Don't marry him for he's a mean bastard." Doubt if she ever regretted it more than anyone does. She took great pride in her man. He was a hard worker, good provider, good husband and Father. They moved to Great Falls where he worked in the wire mill for the duration of WW I. Tommy was born there in 1919 Sept. 23rd. I think they moved from there to Plummer, Idaho, where Tom and Jack Jones had a ranch in the Minneloosa Valley. Lee went to school in Plummer traveling to school on horseback. I still encounter friends he made there.

They moved back to Wardner and in 1922. Oscar worked in the woods on Mar-

ble Creek of the St. Joe River. At a time when top money in the mines was about \$1,200 a year he contracted skidding and came in with \$2,200.00. He weighed about 165 lbs. and mother fed him right back up to 200. He then settled in at the Bunker Hill, and in 1926, they loaned him to the owners of the Highland Surprise Mine on Pine Creek. He moved the family out there.

I had been born on Sunnyside in Kellogg the previous February 10. We stayed there until the bubble burst in the lead market. I bear a scar I received on my 1st birthday when I placed my right thumb against the oven wherein my cake resided, baking. They moved temporarily to upper Wardner then bought the home on Main Street in Wardner where we resided until 1935.

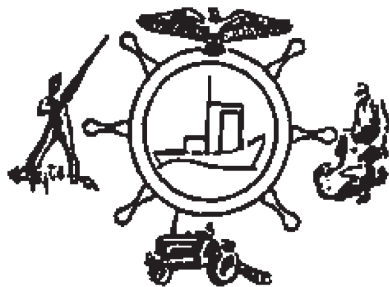
Oscar's health was suffering from the early stages of Miners Con when he quit the Bunker in the spring of 1935. Someone had conned him into buying a small block of Sunshine Stock for 75 cents and in 1934 it went to \$25.00 per share facilitating his retirement. Physically he was a better man at age 65 than he was at 50 and underground. It was pathetic to see him set two buckets of water down twice when packing them some 200 feet to the house.

In 1940, he was able to

FATHER <u>PLEMMONS, Oscar Lamar</u>						
Born <u>8 or 12 May 1884</u> Place <u>Leicester, Bunc.Co.N.C.</u>						
Married <u>11 Jan. 1911</u> Place <u>Wallace, Shoshone Co.Id.</u>						
Died <u>15 May 1963</u> Place <u>Kellogg, " " "</u>						
Buried <u>Greenwood Cem. Kellogg, Shosh.Co. Id.</u>						
Other Spouses _____						
HIS FATHER <u>Plemmons, William Lewis 1861-1929</u>						
Married <u>6 Apr. 1882</u> Place <u>Bunc. Co. N.C. (MR)</u>						
HIS MOTHER <u>West, Leona Emoline 1863-1917</u>						
MOTHER <u>JONES, Rose May</u>						
Born <u>2 June 1887</u> Place <u>La Plata, Macon Co., Mo**</u>						
Died <u>1950</u> Place <u>Kellogg, Shosh. Co.Id.</u>						
Buried <u>Greenwood Cem. Kellogg, Shosh. Co. Id.</u>						
Other Spouses _____						
HER FATHER <u>Jones, Evan T. b.10 May 1839 Co.Gwynedd, Wales d.1906</u>						
Married <u>14 Oct. 1869</u> Place <u>Macon Co. Mo.</u>						
HER MOTHER <u>Black, Mary Jane 1851-1935</u>						
CHILDREN	Born		Died		Married	
	When	Where	When	Where	To	When Where
1	6 May 1911	Kellogg, Shoshone Co.Id.	4 Nov. 1989	Spokane, Spokane Co.Wa.	SHREFFLER, Anna Louise	31 Aug. 1935
3	10 Feb. 1926	Kellogg Shoshone Co.Id.			KRAACK, Frances	1 Mar. 1948

\*\* Most family records show that Rose May Jones was born in Ethel, Macon Co. Mo.

PLEMMONS... continued on page 43



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PLEMMONS... continued from page 42

trade the small place for a large one with lots of water, but no house. In six weeks we were in a 1 room cozy cabin he had constructed and expanded the herd of Herfords to fit the land. During WW II, I asked him if the Warner place ever came available adjoining us please tie it up. If I survived, I wanted it. It came to pass, however, when it came to breaking it apart, he preferred to maintain it in the block.

Fran and I left in 1949 moving to Wardner and employment in the Bunker Hill. We lost mother to cancer in 1950. Oscar sold the ranch in 1951 and retired. Finally made a trip to Asheville. He visited around a lot and eventually entered the Shoshone County Nursing Home and passed away in 1963. "I haven't got much, he said, but I'll fight for my rights as long as

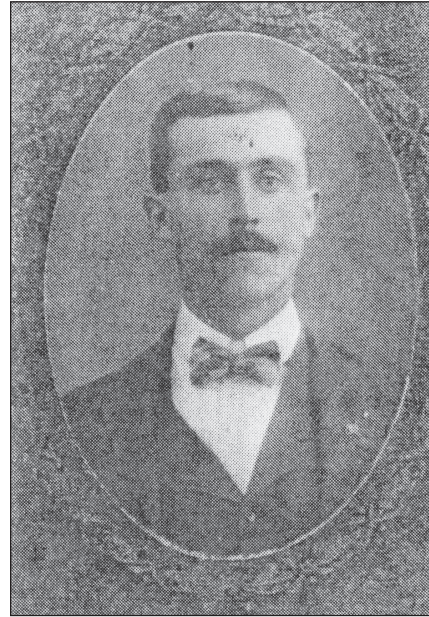
I got them." He rests alongside Mother in Greenwood Cemetery at Kellogg, Idaho.

I have written many incidents and episodes into

short stories perhaps enough to fill a book sometime. We always hope and endeavor to make it possible for our children to exceed us like the rings on a

conch shell. In many ways we all did; however, never could we be more of a man.

George E Plemmons, Sr.  
2/17/90



Joseph (left), Edward (middle), and James (right) Plemmons



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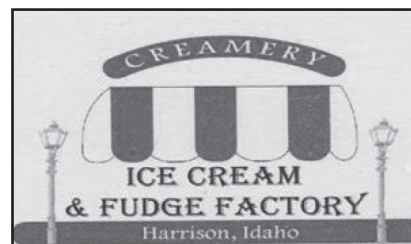
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